

AN ELEGIE ON THE DEATH

Of that Worthy DIVINE
Mr. JAMES JANEWAY,
Who Departed this Life, MARCH the 16th 167³/₄.

I.

For *Caryl's* Death scarce had I dry'd mine *Eyes*,
Loder, then *Venning* crav'd some fresh supplies:
Pierc'd at this *Newes*,
I straight began to muse,
And scarce for them an *Elegie* had bred,
But I'm inform'd, that *Janeway's* likewise *Dead*.

II.

Startled at this, like one that's *Planet-struck*,
All *Signs* of *Joy* forthwith my *Face* forsook:
The *Characters*
Of doleful *Grief*, and *Fears*
Were so engraven on my *Heart*, that I
Could not efface their *Stamp*, unless I'de dye.

III.

Th' eight parts of *Speech*, that alwayes send *Relief*
Unto the *Grammar*, of a lawful *Grief*,
Breaking their hold
Pass'd free, and uncontroll'd
Thorough my *Mouth* block't up almost with *Sighs*,
And barricado'd with dis-joynted *Cries*.

IV.

The *Tears* brought forth from my big-belly'd *Eyes*
Pickl'd my *Face*; yet this could not suffice.
Suffice? For what?

Guess you your selves at that:

For I *Prognostick*, If such *Stars* should fall,
Darkness would soon be *Epidemical*.

V.

No, he's not fall'n, but is *ascended higher*,
And warbles out sweet *Anthems* in a *Quire*
Of *Saints*, that are
Joyful beyond compare;
Where stript of 's *fleshy part*, his *Soul's* alive,
His *Fame* with us for ever shall survive.

VI.

Soaring aloft, he quite left th' *Earth*, wherein
The *Chequer-work* of *Sorrow* and of *Sin*
Could not excite
His nobler *Appetite*
To taste this *world*, this *bitter-sweet*, once more,
Knowing 'twas rotten to the very *Core*.

VII.

Who ever saw him, and did not admire
To see that outward *Harmony* conspire
With such rare *Art*
In each agreeing part,
As if *Dame Nature* in's *formation* had,
To see her self out-do her self, been glad?

VIII.

Who ever heard him *Preach*, and did not wonder
To hear his *threats* 'gainst *Sinners*, which like *Thunder*
(The contrary
To *Saints* he would apply)
Struck a *Convulsion* through the *Hearts* of those;
That (*Balaam-like*) would still *Gods ways* oppose?

IX.

In fine, all those that knew him must commend
That *Virtue*, which did alwayes him attend,
And so appears
In the redoubled *Sphere*
Of *Mind* and *Body*, that, if you *Virtue* love,
Of him you must (for *Virtues* sake) approve.

X.

He was——but hold, I cannot tell you what;
Sum all *Perfections* up, and he was that:
Whatever 'tis

That good, and worthy is
Of the most lasting and resplendent *Praise*,
Surely in him deserv'd a *Crown* of *Bayes*.

XI.

'Tis well for thee, but ill for us, blest *Soul*,
That *Death* does 'mong her *Captives* thee enroll:
Fain wee'd rejoyce
In *Heart* as well as *Voice*
For thee; but for our selves we needs must mourn,
And drop a *Tear* at thy *Religious Urn*.

XII.

Our *Faces* are afloat, our *Cheeks* do swim
In briny *Tears*, wept for our selves, not him!
At some ones *Hearse*
I've whilome wept a *Verse*
For *fashion-sake*; but now the *Tears* I shed
Flow from my *Heart*; *Grief* makes me likewise *Dead*.

J. S.